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THE BYSTANDER
June 5, 1940.

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The BYSTANDER in Wartime

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The Bystander

Anthony Beauchamp

The Minister of Information

For the first time in the Ministry of Information's short but harassed history, its conduct met with practically no criticism when the House had the opportunity of debating the subject last week. Mr. Duff Cooper has had nothing but praise for the calm, plain, courageous way in which he has spoken on the wireless since he became Minister. As Kenneth Lindsay rightly said in the Commons, Mr. Duff Cooper had treated the country for the first time as adults. (In fact, all Ministerial broadcasts of the last few weeks have been extraordinarily impressive.) The Minister announced to the Commons last Tuesday that he was now attending all War Cabinet meetings, and it was apparent throughout the debate that the Ministry is at last to function as an important State instrument, first to centralise and control all sources of news, and then to see that public opinion, both at home and abroad, is " well informed, well instructed, and harnessed to the duty that civilisation demands of us." The Parliamentary Secretary, Harold Nicolson, made an interesting statement on the new regional organisation being devised by the Ministry, by which every street and every village would have a person to whom they could look for guidance and for correct information should other news-distributing agencies temporarily break down

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

It is small wonder that M. Reynaud was bitter in his broadcast on the subject of King Leopold of the Belgians. It was Leopold who refused to allow staff-talks between his Commanders and the Allies before the Blitzkrieg started; it was Leopold who believed the word of Germany for years; it was Leopold who toyed with the Fascist or Nazi Party in Belgium; it was Leopold who cried for Allied help on May 10th, when the Germans attacked his country; and it was Leopold who surrendered suddenly at 4 o'clock in the morning of May 27th without even telling the Commanders of the troops who had responded to his anguished appeal for assistance.

It is inevitable that the mind should begin to play around the actions of King Leopold during the last few weeks. It is inevitable that one should begin to look very closely at some strange happenings since May 10th. It is obvious now that the original German attack upon Holland and Belgium was designed to draw Allied forces into the Low Countries so that they should be exposed when the smashing blow came at Sedan. Is it possible that Leopold's appeal for help was part of a subtle design? Was it connected in any way with the mystery of the two key bridges over the Albert Canal near Maastricht? Is it possible that Leopold himself arranged the trap for the Allied Armies so that when they were involved in Flanders beyond recall, all he had to do was to lay down his arms at 4 o'clock one morning and the game was up? This may sound far-fetched. It may sound slanderous and cruel, but if a man is going to betray his Allies on May 27th, why should he not have already betrayed them, in effect, on May 10th? History will have a lot to say about King Leopold of the Belgians. Almost as much as history has had to say about King Albert of the Belgians. But perhaps in somewhat different terms.

Mr. E. A. Montague, War Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, who has returned from Flanders after terrible experiences, sums up the battle in an article in the *Guardian*. "We did not have enough 'planes," he says, "and we did not have nearly enough tanks." "The fault lies with all of us," says Mr. Montague, "primarily the successive Governments which left our men to fight half-armed, but ultimately all of us who failed to bring our Government to heel." Mr. Montague describes the battle stage by stage. At not one single point in it did the B.E.F. fail to carry out the tasks allotted to it, whether in defence or attack. "No troops in the world," says Mr. Montague, "ever fought better."

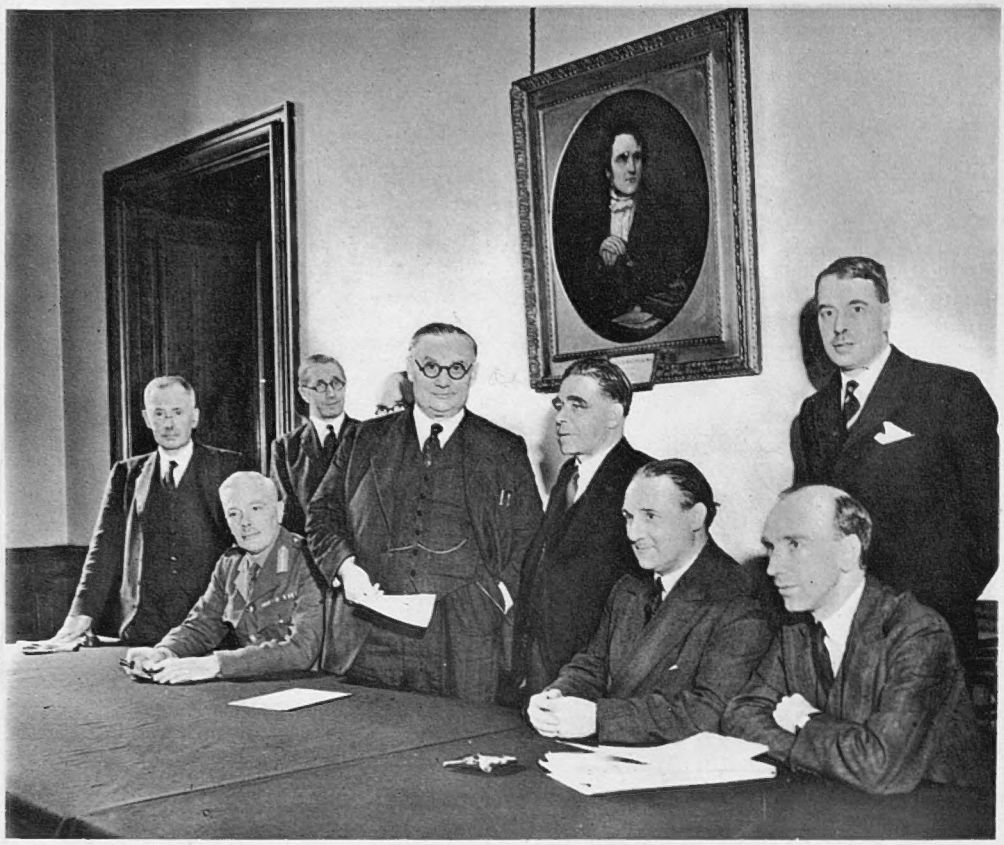
The Air Force continues day after day to perform its incredible work. On May 28th it gave a pretty conclusive answer to the dismal croakers who shook their heads and said "It 's wonderful, but it can't last." After eighteen days of incessant fighting, patrolling, bombing, and reconnaissance, the Air Force scored its greatest number of victories on the 28th, destroying 50 enemy 'planes for certain, and seriously damaging 29 others. Most of the German 'planes are built of such comparatively poor material that when they are seriously damaged they are to all intents and purposes put out of action. The R.A.F. even found time during the same period to drop in at Narvik and shoot down eight enemy 'planes in that district.

The *Star* published an article a few days ago on the relative strengths of the opposing Air Forces. It stated authoritatively that our production of aircraft, together with the French, had been superior to the German production for some time, and it has been proved already that our aeroplanes are so much superior in quality to the German that, roughly speaking, one of ours is as good as two of theirs. Of course, there are other factors to be considered, such as the strain on the pilots and the rear-gunners. And undoubtedly the Germans have started the Blitzkrieg with a very large superiority of numbers. But every day is bringing the superiority down.

(Concluded on page 284)

Fire Over Norway

Narvik fell to the Allies last Wednesday, May 29th. This climax to the Northern campaign, which opened so gloriously seven weeks earlier, when Captain Warburton-Lee led his destroyers into Narvik Fjord, was heavily overshadowed by the news from France and Flanders. Nevertheless, the Norwegian news is still of vital interest. This burning village of Bjerkvik lies at the head of Harjangs Fjord, and here Allied troops, mainly French Alpine units, landed after a naval bombardment had prepared their way, thence pressing south over the desolate snowy hills towards Narvik, to close in on the town in conjunction with Polish and Norwegian troops attacking from the south and east. The final assault on the once-prosperous iron-ore port lasted twenty-four hours



First Meeting of the New Labour Supply Board

The Board, composed of employers' and workers' representatives and Ministry officials, established by the Minister of Labour and National Service to organise the man- and woman-power of the country on a war basis, held their first meeting last Monday week at the Ministry, in front of a portrait of "The Rev. F. D. Maurice, M.A., 1805-1872, Theologian." In the group are (l. to r.) Sir Thomas Phillips, Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Labour since 1935; Major-General K. C. Appleyard, chairman of the North Eastern Trading Estates, and a leading industrialist of the iron and steel and engineering worlds; F. W. Leggett, Under-Secretary, Ministry of Labour, since last year; J. C. Little, former president of the Amalgamated Engineering Union; Ernest Bevin; R. Coppock, general secretary, National Federation of Building Trades Operatives; A. P. Young, managing director, British Thomson-Houston Company; Ralph Assheton, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Labour; F. N. Tribe

The New C.I.G.S. and the War Minister

General Sir John Dill and Mr. Anthony Eden were photographed leaving the War Office together on the day Sir John Dill's appointment was announced. He came back from France in April, after commanding the B.E.F. First Corps for six months, to be Vice Chief to General Ironside on the Imperial General Staff. Ten days ago he succeeded General Ironside as C.I.G.S., his former chief becoming Commander - in - Chief, Home Forces

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 282)

The Germans have already lost somewhere in the neighbourhood of 2000 'planes since May 10th.

As day after day of the great battle in Northern France goes on, the position on the Home Front becomes more and more bewildering. Apparently there is still no opportunity for the ordinary citizen who is neither of military age nor in a reserved occupation to help the State. Every one of us has stories of a score of friends who are tramping the streets in their anxiety to find something to do, and the answer is always the same. There are no openings for enthusiastic unpaid patriots, except that in the country districts the men can join the parashooters.

Perhaps I get a jaundiced view by living in London. Up in the Midlands and in the North there is a very different story, from all accounts. One hears casually of tens of thousands of workers toiling twelve hours a day, Saturdays and Sundays, to turn out the munitions. One hears of the cheerful sacrifice made by men and women who really understand what they are fighting for and what they are working for. And that, of course, is the real heart of England. So perhaps I am wrong after all, and it is only officialdom and the West End of London that are so discouraging.

Every morning, like, I should think, 98 per cent. of the citizenry, who are within reach of the first editions of the evening papers, I go out at about 9.30 a.m. to buy the *Standard* or the *Star*. Each morning the Stop Press News contains the latest Track Wire from the Greyhound Tracks, and two or three tips for horse races of the day. That is all the Stop Press contains. It is almost as infuriating as the solemn B.B.C. announcement of the Sporting Results.

At last two young, efficient, experienced and able men are tackling the Ministry of Information. Mr. Duff Cooper and Mr. Nicolson are both authors themselves and they know as professionals the technique of the written word and the spoken word at the microphone. It is one of the mysteries of the first ten months of the war that, whereas in other departments experts were put in charge, at the Ministry of Information an incredible jumble of amateurs and place-hunters were allowed to dig themselves in.

Mr. Harold Nicolson's broadcast on Chatterbugs may have influenced a lot of people. I hope it has. But there are still plenty of people who instinctively grab the telephone at nine o'clock in the morning to do their poisonous stuff among their circle of friends. And the friends are equally keen to accept the wildest rumours and to pass them on eagerly to others. Times are bad, but they are never so bad as these lunatic fools enjoy making out.

The appointment of General Ironside to the Home Command is first-class. He is a stout fighting General with no frills and no illusions. The new Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Sir John Dill, is an even better appointment, for he is not only a fighting soldier, but a fine brain as well. The co-ordination of the whole Imperial War Effort requires a fine brain, just as Home Defence requires a fighting man.

The Hotel Victoria in Northumberland Avenue has closed its doors for the last time as it is to be taken over for some other purpose, presumably Governmental work. It was one of the few surviving hotels in a district that was at one time the centre of London's hotel life. During the last quarter of a century or so the Cecil Hotel, the Grand, the Metropole, De Keyser's, the First Avenue, Anderton's, the Holborn Viaduct, and several others have disappeared. Only the Savoy is left, and the Strand Palace, and one or two smaller ones.

The streets look queer without the newspaper posters, and the ingenious sub-editors who composed the slogans are out of work. Old Fleet Street hacks recall some of the classic posters, such as "Host of Princes Sent to Jail," and the poster which appeared when Sir Frank Dicksee was elected President of the Royal Academy, thus defeating the hopes of the younger school, "Going Back to Dicksee."

The Queen at a War Hospital

The Queen spent nearly two hours at the Ministry of Health Emergency Hospital she visited last week, and talked to many wounded soldiers, including Lance-Corporal Jackson, of Kettering. Many of them had arrived only two days before from France and Belgium, and the Germans had tried to bomb the ship which brought them home

Queen Wilhelmina at Westminster Abbey

The Queen of the Netherlands went with the King and Queen to the morning service at Westminster Abbey on the Day of National Prayer, and sat in the Chancel on the King's right. The Prime Minister and Members of the Government, Ambassadors, high officers of the Services were in the full Abbey congregation, and large crowds stood outside. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached on the text, "Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another"

Court Circular

The Duchess of Kent at Plymouth

In her capacity as Commandant of the W.R.N.S., the Duchess of Kent recently visited Plymouth to inspect nurses from all parts of the West Country. She is here taking the salute at the march past in the Guildhall Square, with the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Plymouth, Lord and Lady Astor. Accompanied by Commodore Crutchley, V.C., D.S.C., who commanded H.M.S. Warspite in the Battle of Narvik, the Duchess also toured the Royal Naval Barracks at Devonport

The Duchess of Gloucester with the W.A.A.F.

The Duchess paid her first visit last week to the W.A.A.F. recruiting centre at Victory House, Kingsway. As Air Commandant, the Duchess was interested in touring the quarters, and met new recruits in their rest-room. Cooks and yet more cooks are urgently required in the W.A.A.F., also seamstresses and women upholsterers are wanted as balloon fabric workers. Girls between eighteen and thirty are also asked to apply for special confidential duties

Lieut. Douglas and Miss Elizabeth Capel-Cure

David Sholto William Douglas, the Rifle Brigade, and Elizabeth Capel-Cure were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the second son of the late Captain George and Lady Laura Douglas, and nephew of Earl Fitzwilliam. She is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. George Capel-Cure, of Blake Hall, Ongar, Essex. She was dressed in blue, with a love-in-the-mist and red rose bouquet. Her two little pages were Ronald Capel-Cure and Charles Marriott

Miss Phœbe Houstoun-Boswall and Sec.-Lieut. Timpson

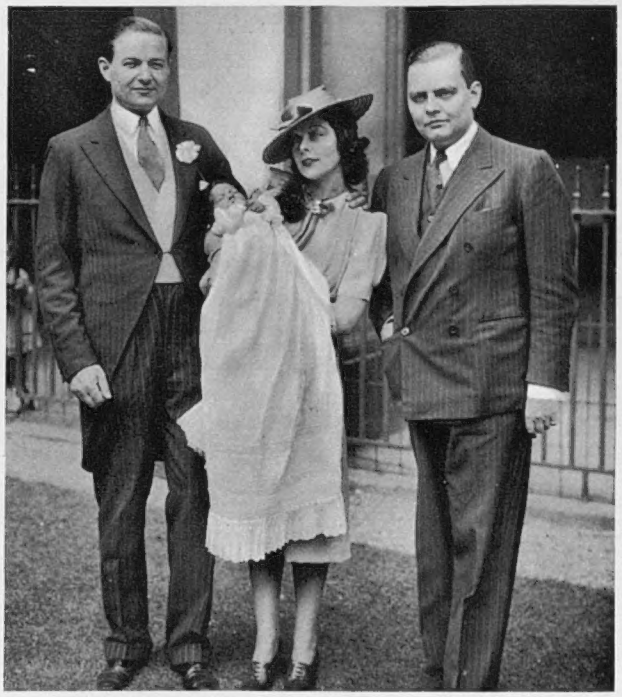
John Alastair Livingstone Timpson, Scots Guards, and Elizabeth Phœbe Houstoun-Boswall, only child of the late Sir George Houstoun-Boswall, Bt., of Blackadder, and Naomi Lady Houstoun-Boswall, of 3, Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. Her father, who was in the Grenadier Guards, was killed in action in 1915. Mr. Timpson is the youngest son of the late Captain and Mrs. Lawrence Timpson, of Maizeland, Barrytown-on-Hudson, New York, and Appleton Manor, Abingdon, Oxon.

American-Irish Engagement

Lieut. A. M. Mackinnon, Fleet Air Arm, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mackinnon, of New York, and the Hon. Patricia Dixon, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Glentoran, of Ballyalloly, Co. Down, are engaged. She is in the W.A.A.F.

Irish-Scottish Engagement

The Hon. William Le Poer Trench is half-brother of the Earl of Clancarty. His fiancée is Diana Joan Younger, daughter of Sir William Younger, Bt., and Mrs. Dennis Wheatley, whose second husband is the crime-novelist



Sally O'Rorke, Her Parents and Godfather

Mr. and Mrs. Clare O'Rorke's daughter Sally was christened in the Chapel at Hampton Court Palace. Mrs. O'Rorke's mother, Mrs. W. Karri-Davies, has an apartment at the Palace, and the O'Rorkes now live there with her. Clare O'Rorke works at the Ministry of Economic Warfare. With them here is Stuart Warren Pearl, godfather

Bridesmaids and Page at the Timpson—Houstoun-Boswall Wedding

Phœbe Houstoun-Boswall's wedding was an all-white one, except for her page, Paul Irby, who wore full dress Scots Guards uniform. Her grown-up bridesmaids were Rosamund Timpson, the bridegroom's sister, Diana Houstoun-Boswall and Hermione McGrath, her own cousins, Mary Christian, Barbara Warwick and Iris Ryle. The two small girls were Ann Denison-Pender and Fiona Thorneycroft

Miss Bowes-Lyon's Bridesmaids

Sarah Bowes-Lyon's four young bridesmaids, dressed in the same parchment lace as she wore, were the Hon. Caroline Douglas-Scott-Montagu, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu's sister, Lady Antonia Stewart, the Earl of Galloway's daughter, Delia Pearson, the bride's cousin, and little Linda Ishbel Campbell, the bridegroom's cousin

Social Register

Four Weddings, a Christening, Two Engagements

Captain Swayne and Miss Clarissa Maude-Roxby

Captain Arthur Oswald Swayne, Somerset Light Infantry, and Clarissa Mary Maude-Roxby were married at St. Andrew's, Curry Rivel, Somerset. He is the eldest son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. O. R. Swayne, of Tillington Court, Hereford. She is the only daughter of N. E. Maude-Roxby, of Swellwood House, Fivehead, Somerset, and Mrs. Maude-Roxby, who lives in London

Lieut. Ryder and Miss Bowes-Lyon

Peter Hugh Dudley Ryder, Royal Tank Corps, son of the Hon. Archibald and Mrs. Dudley Ryder, of Durns, Beaulieu, Hants, and nephew of the Earl of Harrowby, and Sarah Susannah Bowes-Lyon, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Geoffrey Bowes-Lyon, of Vale Court, Colerne, Wilts, were married in the King Henry VII. Chapel, Westminster Abbey. Her father is a cousin of the Queen

***Star** of new Gate Revue is once again Hermione Gingold, here lamenting "Why was I born a-Bacchante?" Instead of being pursued by fauns, she longs for some nice young man to introduce her to his mother*

***"Orient Express"** is the sketch in which Hedley Briggs (who designed several sets and costumes for the revue) and Hermione Gingold, as Mrs. Merger and Miss Ninnavey, meet in the train and, becoming friendly over cigarettes and too many glasses of Empire port, discuss the charms of Ceylon*

"Swinging the Gate"

Four Scenes from a New Revue

(and Mr. Farjeon's opinion of it can be read on the opposite page)

***Newcomer** to revue from musical comedy and pantomime is Madge Elliott. One of the good moments in the show is "The Moon and You," her burlesque of the sentimental duet-and-dance so dear to producers of musical comedy, which she does with Guy Verney (see also Rouson's sketch opposite)*

***High spot** is guest artist Robert Helpmann, ballet dancer turned mimic. His best take-off is at the expense of his old friend Margaret Rawlings, through whom he came to try his luck on the London stage. (They met in Australia.) On ballet nights Helpmann now comes on from Sadler's Wells to give his Ambassadors impersonations*

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Swinging the Gate" (Ambassadors)

THE new Gate Revue, warmly welcomed on the first night, is light, bright, and, as is to be expected where Miss Diana Morgan and Mr. Robert MacDermot are largely concerned, better than most. Of the twenty-seven items, half a dozen are really good, which may not seem a large number, but the general effect is excellent. And although the revue as a whole is not up to the level of its predecessor, it is a gayer show and gets away from the drab assault of the deliberate dirty crack.

TWO newcomers to revue help to sweep the boards fresh and clean. One is Miss Madge Elliott, already famous as a dancer and a principal boy, and now to be famous as a comedienne. Her burlesque of an over-graceful musical-comedy sugar-star singing "A night in June, A tender moon, Ah, perfect bliss, A rose, a kiss, And you" (or some such words) is delicious. As an unpleasant old spinster who inhabits hotels on the south coast she gets and deserves the big laugh of the night. And (comedy apart) she is charming in "La Loge" (after Manet), even if the author (Mr. Gerard Bryant) does rhyme "bois" with "mouchoir" (Allies, please pardon).

THE other newcomer who makes a hit is Mr. Robert Helpmann of the Wells. Hearty congratulations to whoever had the idea of getting Mr. Helpmann to appear in revue. As Guest Artist he gives a series of brilliant and unhackneyed imitations, including Miss Isabel Jeans (superb), Miss Margaret Rawlings (superb), Mr. John Gielgud (fair), Mr. Laurence Olivier (very good), and Miss Margaret Rutherford (very good indeed). It is, however, a mistake for him to put his best two imitations first.

THERE is a bright lyric immediately after the opening number in which the other London shows are ticked off one by one. A trio on Literary Children who make money out of writing books about their dead fathers is, for some reason, less successful. The ballets or "mimes" are not too strong—I thought "Sur le Pont d'Avignon" rather painfully ever-so-delicate. The funniest sketch—and very funny it is—concerns a school for spies and reveals Miss Hermione Gingold (who wrote it) at her best.

Peter Ustinov

IN another clever number, full of entertaining rhymes, Miss Gingold appears to general delight as a suburban Bacchante. She has, however, a way of forcing her material across the footlights which would be more effective if it happened less frequently. One rather feels, on each appearance, that it is a different same. Mr. Peter Ustinov, for whose Austrian prima donna at the Players Theatre I have the profoundest admiration, does not quite come off in this milieu and his material needs rigorous paring. Mr. Hedley Briggs plays a number of parts with a sure sense of character, but leaves ample room for a strong man in the company.

THE general support is so-so. But the Gate doesn't creak, and I shall be surprised if lots of people don't go through it at the Ambassadors.

Madame la Spy complete with false moustache: Hermione Gingold

Would-be dancer and would-be sitter-out: Salome (Roberta Huby) and boy friend (Hedley Briggs)

Sketches by Rouson

Singing a sentimental song: Madge Elliott and Guy Verney

Customer and Shop Assistants—Lubitsch Style

The five characters from "A Shop Around the Corner" in these photographs are—the rogue, Joseph Schildkraut; the old assistant, Felix Bressart; the young assistant, James Stewart; the shopkeeper, Frank Morgan; the new shopgirl, Margaret Sullavan. The Lubitsch film, which is packing the little Ritz Cinema, is reviewed on this page

Shopkeeper and Salesgirl

Films of the Day

A Director's Picture, by Lubitsch

By George Campbell

THOUGH the stars get the fan mail, the film is really the medium of the director. In the theatre a Shakespeare, a Shaw, a Maugham is supreme. The producer's task is simply to make visible and audible the work entrusted to him. It is the same, of course, with music. Toscanini may be a genius but nobody confuses him with Beethoven. It is only in the studio that the executive is supreme, with power to re-write story and dialogue, change the author's Hamlet to a red-nosed comic, and instruct the players in the minutiæ of gesture, the lifting of an eyebrow, the cadence of a line.

I could name fifty directors who can be relied upon to turn a script of originality, charm and wit into another chunk of stereotyped nonsense. By contrast there are a few who succeed in stamping everything they touch with their own individual quality. And perhaps the greatest of these is Lubitsch.

With fine films playing to empty houses, it takes something exceptional to attract people in days like these; but if anything can do it, *The Shop Around the Corner* will. This is easily the most brilliant comedy since Mr. Lubitsch's *Ninotchka*, and, like that comic masterpiece, a director's picture if ever I saw one. I have no wish to underrate the writers. The tale has charm, the dialogue the quaintest and most endearing humour arising naturally out of character and situation. But what we laugh at most are the little incidents that we can call, without injustice to anybody, the Lubitsch touch.

Here is an example. Mr. Matuschek, the owner of the shop, bustles in with some idea or sample and demanding their advice. "Come, I want your honest opinion." Most directors would have prepared you for the response by having some allusion to the fate of people who ventured to give the honest opinion so benignly invited. Mr. Lubitsch simply lets the boss ask the question, shows the oldest employee vanishing through a trap-door, and you know exactly the sort of man Mr. Matuschek is. The camera tells the story.

The Shop Around the Corner, adapted from a Hungarian story, is an odd mixture of fairy-tale and realism, of poetry and the things that happen in any shop, in any street, anywhere. It is rich in wit and tender fancy, often absurd, with that delightful absurdity that seems to be half the Magyars' charm. The characters are as ridiculous as Disney's, as simple as Hans Andersen's, and yet human beings.

The action—and this is a striking commentary on the theory that because a camera *can* move it should always be flitting about the globe—takes place almost entirely in a shop. Apart from Mr. Matuschek (Frank Morgan), we meet his favourite assistant (James Stewart), the meek little elderly assistant (played by Felix Bressart, of *Ninotchka*), the flashy wangler (Joseph Schildkraut), a pretty newcomer (Margaret Sullavan), and Pepi (William Tracy), an office-boy of character (mostly bad), ineffable assurance, and something like genius.

James Stewart confides to his elderly colleague that he has been carrying on a correspondence with a girl he has never met—a philosophic, idyllic correspondence which reveals, he says, a character of remarkable nobility. What does she look like? Tush! What does that matter? He values character more than looks. So far as looks go he wants an average girl—or on second thoughts (for he is an honest young man), let's say, a beautiful average girl. I need hardly tell you who his correspondent turns out to be, or describe the prettily ironic comedy derived from her snubs and pretences before she discovers that her irritating colleague and the lover of her dreams are one and the same. It is enough that a tender little love story is neatly rounded off, that Mr. Matuschek discovers the guilty and rewards the deserving, and that Pepi bounces his way into a job as clerk and is last seen dominating his humble successor. This, I think, is the first time we have seen William Tracy. It won't be the last. He is the only juvenile actor capable of standing up to Mickey Rooney and perhaps even winning on points.

WHERE *The Shop Around the Corner* is light as thistledown, *George and Margaret* is merely trivial. Like the play, it has its funny moments, and in fairness I must record that a preview audience laughed loud and often. Marie Löhr, Noel Howlett, Judy Kelly, and the rest certainly work hard enough, perhaps too hard; but the material simply isn't there, the characters never come to life.

THREE new dramas are more promising, always provided you don't mind being harrowed.

A Window in London, produced by Josef Somlo at Denham, is the least painful of them. A tale of two married couples, and how they temporarily impinge on each others' lives, is freshly worked out and well acted by Paul Lukas, Sally Gray, Michael Redgrave and Patricia Roc.

Vigil in the Night, from the book by A. J. Cronin, is a strong and moving drama with a hospital background and Carole Lombard and Brian Aherne in the principal roles.

And of *Pastor Hall* I need only say that for sheer horror this British film about a Christian preacher (Wilfred Lawson) under Nazi rule beats all the *Draculas* and *Frankensteins* ever made.

Anthony

Judy Campbell—a New Face for London

Dark, vital Judy Campbell has scored a big hit in *New Faces*, Eric Maschwitz's revue at the Comedy. Like most of its cast, she has never been seen on the London stage before. Her success is a double surprise, as she is equally a stranger to revue. Though both her parents acted (her father is well known in the Midlands and owns the Granville at Peterborough), they discouraged Judy from entering "the profession," and sent her to Oxford to read philosophy. She preferred to travel, and went to Germany to learn the language. Then she decided to try her luck on the stage; sensibly began in repertory at Coventry and Brighton. Her first real success was on tour in *Idiots' Delight*, when she played the vamp opposite Vic Oliver. Then, following the example of Diana Wynyard, Robert Donat, Michael Redgrave, she joined the Liverpool Repertory as leading lady, where she was "discovered." Judy came into *New Faces* from films, having just played lead in *Saloon Bar*, and opposite Clive Brook in *Convoy* (soon to be shown). Is at present starring as a crime reporter in *Piccadilly* for Walter Mycroft. The photographer shows Judy Campbell in her revue number, "The Nightingales Sang in Berkeley Square," which, in spite of never having had a singing lesson in her life, she invests with a lovely quality of romantic enchantment. Her other big moment in the show is the sketch "Paris is Not the Same," where she achieves an effect of intense nostalgia

"Dante Sonata"

Three Studies of a Vic-Wells Ballet of which Dresses, Scenery and Orchestrations Were Lost in Holland

The Vic-Wells Ballet Company got out of Holland after the German invasion with only the minimum of personal belongings. All theatrical property—costumes, scenery and music—as well as most of the dancers' own luggage, had to be left behind. *Dante Sonata* was one of the works in their British Council tour repertoire, and in its case the loss of the music was most serious, as the orchestration by Constant Lambert of the Liszt sonata had not been published, and existed only in the orchestral parts actually in use. But the ballet music had luckily been recorded just before the visit to Holland, by Louis Kentner (who has been the piano soloist at the Wells) and the Sadler's Wells Orchestra, giving —so judges Edward Sackville-West— "a superb performance." So with new dresses and backcloth and these records, *Dante Sonata* was given in last night's programme, the opening performance of the summer ballet season at Sadler's Wells

Michael Soames and Margot Fonteyn lead one group of dancers in the emotional interplay and struggle between the forces of good and the forces of evil, between light and darkness, which is the "Dante Sonata" theme. June Brae and Robert Helpmann are the chief dancers of the opposing black-dressed group

"Dante Sonata," from which these two action pictures were made, was first produced in January at Sadler's Wells. It not only became an immediate success, but is undoubtedly the most important, most deeply moving composition of its choregrapher, Frederick Ashton. The dresses and decor are by Sophie Fedorovitch, after Flaxman

Photographs by Anthony

Sidonie Goossens

A Harpist at Home

Harpist Sidonie Goossens is the youngest member of a very distinguished musical family. Her grandfather was a conductor, her grandmother, Mme. Sidonie, was a dancer, her father was Eugene Goossens, senior, conductor, her mother was a singer and daughter of a singer. Her brother Eugene is conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, and a composer, Leon Goossens is the greatest living oboist, her sister Marie is, like herself, a harpist. Another brother, Adolph, a brilliant horn-player, was killed in the last war. Sidonie began learning to play the piano when she was five, but as soon as her hands were big enough for the harp octave, her father set her to study that difficult instrument. Her work at first took her among the big London orchestras, but her few recitals have brought recognition of her fine technique and sensitive artistry. She has been connected with the B.B.C. Orchestra almost since its early days, is married to Hyam Greenbaum, the B.B.C. conductor who, since the temporary shelving of television, directs the Revue Orchestra

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Jessie Rawsthorne, Sidonie Goossens, and their husbands share a studio in Bristol which was formerly the show room of the Bristol Art Club. Jessie Rawsthorne is a member of the B.B.C. Orchestra, and her husband is Alan Rawsthorne, the young composer, whose new choral work, "Kubla-Khan," was broadcast in May. Jill the spaniel belongs to them. Sidonie Goossens and her husband, "Bumps" Greenbaum, live in the studio, and redecorated it themselves with great skill and taste when they moved to the West Country from their home in London

Scrap: Railings, Antique Guns and Tramlines Come Under the Iron and Steel Control's Nation-Wide Survey of Old Iron

Exhibition at the Building Centre in Bond Street was organised to show not only what railings might be removed, but also what railings ought to be retained on æsthetic grounds

Forty tons of metal have been obtained in Battersea Park by removing railings whose only use had been to gratify the display-loving Victorian municipal authority which erected them

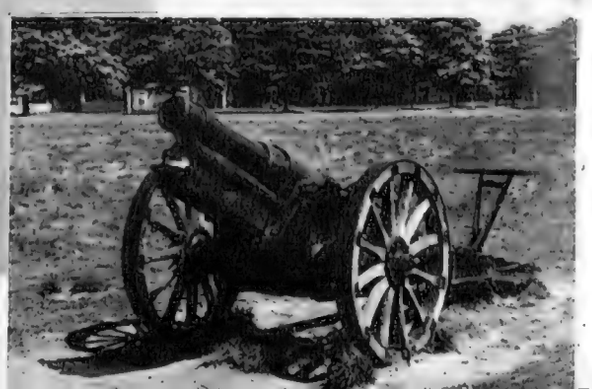
Photographs by Pictorial Press

Tramlines which gliding trolley-buses have made obsolete are obvious scrap. The St. Pancras Borough Council was one of the first London authorities to consider removal of their 6½ miles of abandoned tracks

Glaring example of ugly and useless railings are those in Sussex Gardens. There are altogether four lines of old iron here, calculated to weigh 300 tons—enough for several tanks

"**Railings for Scrap**" began on May 10th, which it will be shown

Old guns standing on English commons were never beautiful, have now lost their sentimental value, if any



***Many gates** in and around London Parks are elaborate and beautiful examples of wrought-iron work, as, for example, the gates in Regent's Park leading to Queen Mary's Gardens. These were put up in May 1935 to commemorate King George V.'s Silver Jubilee. Heavy outer park railings are, of course, necessary for administrative reasons*

***Nash railings** round the gardens in Park Crescent have considerable æsthetic value, but they are an exception. Arguments produced by a Lennox Gardens resident in favour of keeping railings are the burden on ratepayers if local authorities undertook garden upkeep, and the likelihood of the public picking all flowers*

exhibition at the Building Centre
ll be open until June 8th, after
in various parts of the country

To derail or not to derail the London squares is an old topic of controversy (especially in *The Times* correspondence columns). Some demand railing-removal on æsthetic grounds, but most want the peaceful, shady lawns to benefit more people than the key-owning inhabitants of Squares and Gardens, who often make little use of their privileges. Sir Lionel Earle recently wrote, "I do not remember during a long life having ever seen a human being in Berkeley Square." The demand of the Iron and Steel Control for scrap has now put patriotism on the side of the supporters of what Sir Giles Gilbert Scott describes as a "long overdue reform." Lord Davidson, chairman of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, however, argues that "the value of railings as scrap is infinitesimal compared with the cost of removal," and suggests that obsolete tramlines might be pulled up first. In Germany and Italy compulsory powers have long existed for the removal of all railings; Rome has been much beautified by a judicious exercise of these powers. In London a start has been made on the useless inner railings, posts, and "shin" railings in public parks, and the whole subject is under survey by the Iron and Steel Control and their architectural advisers

***The dwarf railings** in Parliament Square have long been a pet aversion of architectural reformers. On the left Press Officer J. L. Henderson and James Melvin, A.R.I.B.A., architectural adviser to the Iron and Steel Control, were discussing their removal. The Iron and Steel Control are making a census of railings throughout the country. From London's 500-odd squares alone they could obtain thousands of tons of scrap*

Women have already been mobilised for duty as bus conductors in Paris. From May 27th, sixty-two suburban omnibus lines, temporarily commandeered to cope with refugees, were restored

***Deserted** stands the B.E.F. Centre in the Champs Elysées, near the Rond Point, while Paris leave is cancelled*

***French** equivalent of "Lend to Defend," illustrated by giant posters: "They watch for you: help pay for your protection"*

***State lotteries** have been drawn fortnightly as usual. First prize in the last (May 19th) was five million francs*

Paris: a War-time Survey

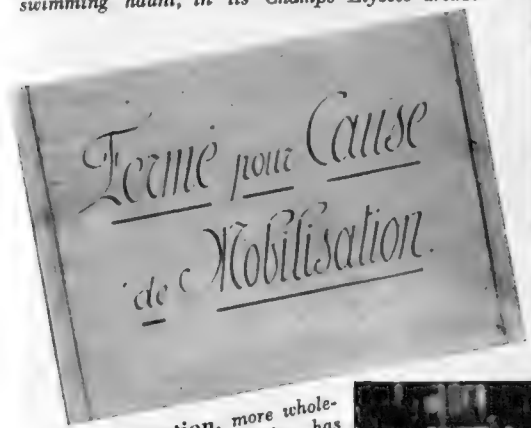
It takes more than the sound of guns to disturb the citizens of Paris. Though now part of the army zone, the capital, until last week at least, was surprisingly normal. The flood of refugees was being absorbed, and since many inhabitants have left for the west, streets seemed emptier. Otherwise, Paris carried on calmly. Three beef-less, sweet-less days a week and slight alcoholic restrictions take the place of rationing as we know it, and the markets were still plentifully supplied. The eleven o'clock curfew has recently been reimposed for boîtes and cafés. Compared with London, Paris seems floodlit, and torches superfluous. Though their whole art of living is threatened, the French, in the words of their Prime Minister, are "full of hope . . . one thing alone counts—the preservation of France"

***Fishermen,** many now in uniform, have been able to Sunday afternoons at Fontainebleau, within walking distance barracks. Frenchmen will cling to their week-end fishing as*

Photographs by

***Night life** starts earlier at the Lido, former swimming haunt, in its Champs Elysées arcade*

***Department stores** such as the Printemps, Galeries Lafayette and Louvre still attract bargain-hunters with their pavement displays of cheap mackintoshes, silk stockings, and woollen comforts for the troops*



***Mobilisation**, more wholesale than in Britain, has closed many family businesses*

spend peaceful of the local long as possible

***Children** still play in the Tuileries Gardens, while elders knit more energetically than ever. The clothes of French boys are quaint to English eyes. As is usual in French parks, sand and gravel predominate over grass*

John Everard

More Fragments from France: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"'Veetch vay to ze Power Station,' eh? I'll show yer!"

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"My wife has just got her first stripe"

A New York quick-lunch restaurant has renamed its hamburgers "Liberty steaks," and the Ku Klux Klan have left off their hoods, which—added to the fact that 72 per cent. of the American Press is now backing Roosevelt—shows that America is waking up to realities to some extent. The Klansmen's spontaneous gesture is especially significant, in our mousey view. Without his cherished hood a Klansman looks much less sinister and much more like an ordinary nice plain dumb Babbitt oppressed by his wife and driven to dressing-up and boyish secret ceremonies to assert his virility. (The monstrous tyranny of the American female is the sole explanation of the Elks, Kiwanis, Ku Klux Klan, and other societies for Fourth Form gambols in which the American male delights. Compare the British Union of Fascists, now in the can.) The peaked, eye-slitted Klan hood incidentally is a curious example of the way in which symbols can be degraded. The Brotherhood of the Misericordia in Italy, from whom the Klan stole the idea, have worn it for centuries to demonstrate that in performing works of mercy, rich and poor should be equally anonymous; the Klan wear it in order to chase and harry fellow-citizens undetected. Discarding it seems to indicate that Mr. Babbitt, in the face of approaching doom, is stiffening his sinews, taking a strong line, and not caring any more if Mrs. Babbitt *does* get to hear that he has been out all night with the boys instead of attending that realtors' convention at Hicksville, Mo. In fact, it seems to us a preliminary restatement, in a mild way, of the Rights of Man, which, as Slogger Gandhi has soundly remarked, cracking at Slogger Wells, would follow naturally if only the Duties of Man were put first. To get men to abandon insignia of power and domination is not an easy matter—try to get the chain off a provincial mayor by fair words or force, and you 'll see what we mean—and the Ku Klux Klan has gone up a great deal in our estimation; nearly to ground-floor level, in fact.

Landwehr

By the time you read this we may have found the firelock no match for the sub-machine-gun—the problem is not only to keep the torch alight in wind and rain, but to get it to the touch-hole of your piece in time—and this in consequence will be our last appearance on this entrancing page. (We should like the Editor to keep that locket with our hair, and A. G. Macdonell to have our album of pressed seaweed.) Should this happen, we should like to place on record here and now that, notwithstanding our romps with the hayseeds now and then, Arcadia deserves your respect in this matter of local defence. Our preliminary village meeting was full of old soldiers firing short and highly sensible questions at the General who had come down to organise. We didn't stop at the Napoleonic age — there was a spirited discussion on the tocsin from the parish bells versus the trumpet from the church-tower as a warning signal—but plunged right back into the Feudal System, posting some of our men provisionally on the ground of the seigneur employing them and thereby ensuring familiar co-operation and normal contacts. O sac and soc! O theofe, both infang and outfang! O ban and arrière-ban! Quite suddenly the English countryside has gone back eight hundred years—we are even using horsemen in preference to cyclists in our area as liaison—and from what we hear, the War Office is also shaking hands with the storied Past in the matter of equipment. That *Times* reader who suggested that men tackling troops armed with sub-machine-guns should themselves have similar weapons probably made Whitehall laugh itself sick. No reasonable person would, of course, expect such equipment now, for he realises that a large new force cannot be raised and properly armed in a week. In fact, no reasonable person would expect such equipment ever.

Incidentally, we find that a minor poet, giving tongue on behalf of the Volunteers of the 1850's, when *Punch* started making those laughable jokes about them, sang rather blush-makingly:

Come if you dare, saucy invaders!
Many or few, you 'll return nevermore! (etc.)

The boy was squaring up to the French, then as now very saucy persons, and at that period a great worry to the Island Race. So runs the world away.

"He says he's tired of being a black-coated worker"

Chums

Louvain University Library, with its 70,000 precious manuscripts and volumes, has been wiped out by the Böche for the second time, apparently; which fact lends a certain macabre piquancy to the enormous fuss made some years ago over that plaque placed on the rebuilt fabric. In succinct Latin the plaque proclaimed that the Library, destroyed by Teutonic ferocity, had been restored by American generosity. It seemed awfully unkind to lots of people to allude to those poor dear Germans thus brutally, and so many indignant aunties in America and England rose up asking if we couldn't all kiss and be friends and let bygones be bygones, that the Rector of Louvain University rather weakly let the plaque be taken down. The incident is worth remembering because exactly the same thing will happen when this present war is over. Having trampled half the world down in mud and blood the Boche, once beaten,

will once more find tender-hearted friends to plead with his judges and set him on his feet again, grinning delightedly. Please God someone next time (say the French) can curb the emotionalism of the Bank of England and the City boys, whose gilded waistcoats shook with sobs of love and pity as they met to devise plans for helping, comforting, and financing the fury now threatening our existence. As Mr. Stokes, M.P., recently remarked, we shall never be safe till those financial sweethearts are strung (metaphorically speaking, we think he added) from lamp-posts. Probably nothing can cool the money boys' devotion to the Boche, who has repudiated them. Maybe it 's just that anything blond can take money off a big business man. Maybe it 's just altruism.

The present number of British Bochophiles can't be assessed, probably, till the Fifth Column in this country gets its marching orders, and we venture to predict a few surprises. That mild philatelist in pince-nez, that shy, nervous governess, that cheery bounder at the golf club—who 'd ever expect to see them guiding and assisting German parachutists ? And if such surprises staggered the Dutch, what will their effect be on the Island Race, who still believe such things can't happen here ? Let 's trust the authorities have most of the traitors rumbled already, as they claim. It would be just too awfully embarrassing otherwise.

Sulks

PLAIN, discontented, peevish nudes, we gather from a chap who has surveyed the current Nude-in-Contemporary-Art exhibition in Bond Street, are steadily gaining ground over the pleasing, coy, happy, eupeptic nudes our artist boys used to specialise in. Gallery walls are increasingly covered with lumpy or angular naked women scowling, glowering, or pouting at the observer ; anticipating, as it were, his unfavourable comment on their homely pans and his natural query as to the point of their removing their clothes at all. We 've noticed such nudes ourselves at recent Academies, glaring at the citizenry in both high and low dudgeon, and we fancy we know the reason. Luring female factory-inspectors, policewomen, female Liberal or vegetarian organisers, advanced girl thinkers, and so forth to the studio by some trick, the artist boys get them to disrobe on some sudden specious pretext or other, such as not being able to hear their speeches very clearly while they are dressed. Then, hiding their clothes, the boys swiftly paint them in what the Victorians coyly used to call the Altogether, heedless of furious looks, shrill protests, and offended silences. The result is a nude far from luscious, inviting, graceful, or eyeworthy, and there would seem to be a curious vogue for these at the moment.

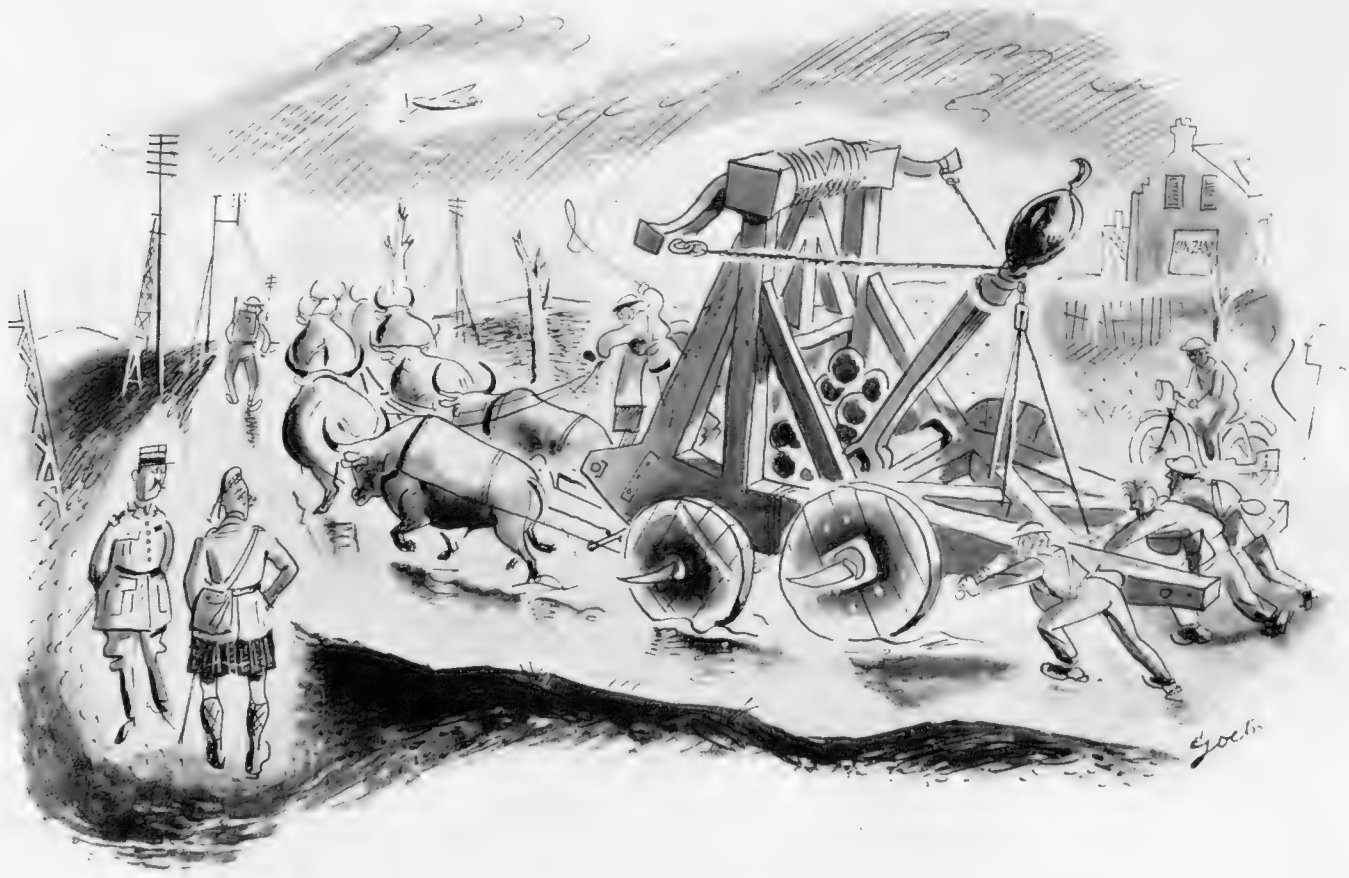
Evidently the buying public is temporarily exhausted with shapely and personable nudes and is ready to concede Slogger Somerset Maugham's point that beauty is a bit of a bore. Whether this be the case or not, there are other people who equally resent (1) being glared at from a wall by furious, naked women ; and (2) being forced to contemplate less spirited women who were never meant to be painted with their clothes off and are consequently depressed and dumbly resentful. We must ask, please, that this practice cease forthwith.

Boche

THIS good old word is, somewhat slowly, coming back into circulation again, and we think properly. It 's a nice compact knobbly little word (like " cad "), summing up the principal German characteristics, and its origin is interesting, though obscure. In the Paris of the 1860's a *boche* was (when girls were gossiping) a stupid, odious young man. Then Parisian printers—we quote M. Sainean, the eminent philologist—began applying the word to printing-trade workers of German origin, because of their blockish heads and general dullness, and thus it came, presumably, to apply to the whole German race. But it wasn't till the Great War, when the French Army adopted it, that its various pleasing derivatives were formed, such as *bocherie, bochisme, Bochonnie* (Germany), and *Rigolboche*, the title of that famous newspaper published in the trenches, meaning " the Comical Boche." It 's a word which has slightly more descriptive force, of a half-grim, half-derisive kind, than " Hun," and summons up a more complete mental picture of the Prussian Ideal, lumpish, faithless, savage, brutish, vicious, and cunning, with a pear-shaped backless head and a plethora of necks, Caliban in a monocle and a steel helmet.

Don't mumble and complain about our spraying you with this unaccustomed erudition. It 's no trouble at all—just part of the BYSTANDER Service, and if you care to pop into the Louis XV. Sun-Lounge (basement) afterwards for a refreshing shower and a nap, one of our cutters will gladly cut you a nice piece of throat.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



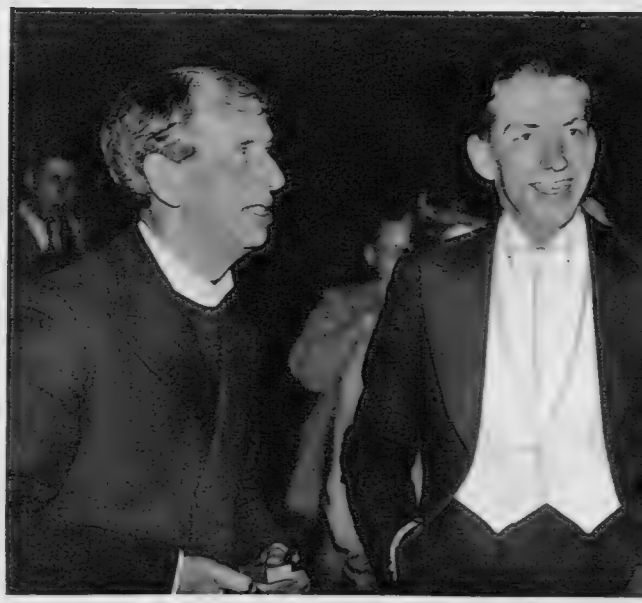
" I don't think the General quite understands the nature of the enemy's fortifications "

Do We Love Our House of Peers?

The Oxford Union Lightheartedly Debated That Question at the End of War Eights Week

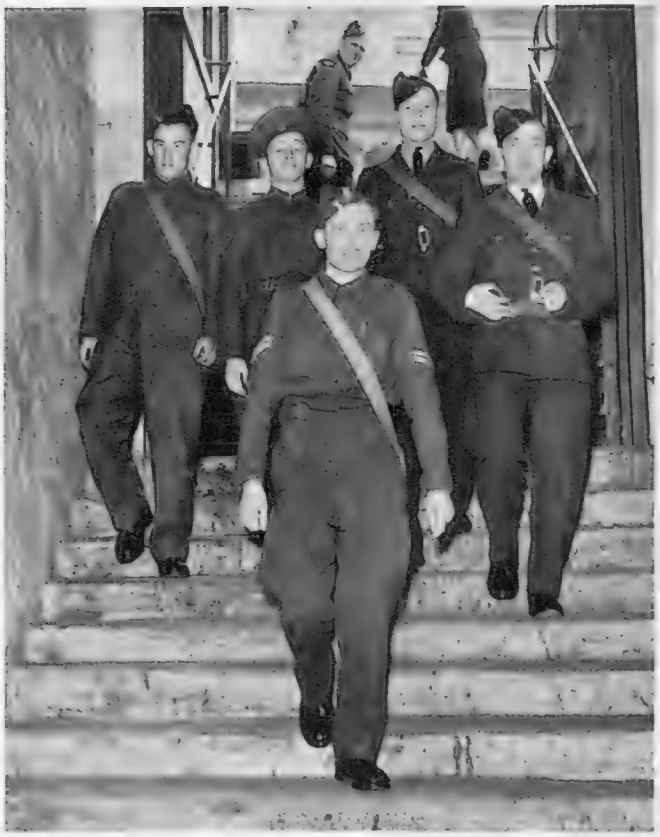
Undergraduate *the Hon. Harry Sackville and ex-debutante Annelise Petschek had a drink together at the supper which followed the Eights Week debate. He is Lord De La Warr's younger son, is eighteen this year. She came out in London last year, and then went up to Oxford to Lady Margaret Hall. She is Czechoslovakian by birth*

Proposer *of the evening's motion was Gillie Potter, who made an uproariously funny speech, mainly about the history of the Marshmallows of Hogsnorton. With him here are J. J. Bahadoor Singh (left), the Secretary of the Union, and Mr. and Mrs. Michael MacClaglan*



Speaker *in the debate was the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Ronald Knox, whose participation in one of these affairs contributes vastly to everyone's enjoyment. Up to last year he had been Catholic Chaplain at the University for thirteen years. With him on the right is the President of the Union, Robin Edmonds, son of Air Commodore C. H. K. Edmonds, D.S.O.*

Opposer *of the evening's motion was Beverley Nichols, addressing the Union on the right. On the extreme left are the President and the Secretary. Mr. Nichols did not succeed in weaning his audience from their affection for a hereditary Second Chamber, and 285 votes carried the motion that "With all our faults we love our House of Peers" against an opposition of 162. Over a thousand people attended this sparkling, lighthearted debate and the supper which followed it*



***All Services** are welcomed to the crypt of St. Martin's—both men and women—anyone in uniform. The church was built by James Gibbs in 1726 and is the third church on this site. Famous people buried there include Nell Gwynn and highwayman Jack Sheppard*

"Are You Being Served?"

The "Bystander" Goes Round the Canteens

***Canteen chiefs** are Mrs. Guy Rasch, Mrs. Regnault, and Miss Joyce Hollins (a churchwarden of St. Martin's). Subject under discussion was: "Shall we pickle eggs?" Mrs. Rasch's husband, Sir Carne Rasch's brother, is in the Army, and so is her elder son*

No. 8. The Canteen at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

This, the Royal Parish Church (so named because George I. was its patron and first churchwarden), has long been famous for its hospitality to the needy. During the last war Canon Dick Sheppard allowed men and women in uniform to sleep in the church, and since those days the homeless have been sure of a night's refuge in the crypt. Thus St. Martin's became known as the Church of the Ever-Open Door. Soon after the last war a canteen was started for civilians—office workers, sightseers, art students from the galleries round Trafalgar Square. When this war began, at the suggestion and with the help of Lady Dawson of Penn, the Rev. Pat McCormick opened the canteen day and night to men and women in uniform (with the sanction of the War Office, but independent of Government control). Troops use the larger section, converted by Dick Sheppard into a Fellowship Room. Its primrose walls and plentiful flowers make the atmosphere so cheerful and welcoming that only the ceiling reminds visitors that they are in a crypt, though one never used as a burial vault. The civilian canteen, which still continues, though in a smaller room, remains open all night to serve the Forces. Sixty voluntary helpers, under the direction of Mrs. Rasch, are on duty in shifts. Average weekly visitors number 2500. There is a paid kitchen staff of nine (three on duty all day, increased to six on Saturdays). But, thanks to the skilful catering and management of Mrs. Marks and Miss Pidgeon, the canteen pays its way

***Clients** sit at small tables, with crockery neatly set out on table-cloths, which is a tremendous canteen luxury. There are usually lots of flowers about. The room is centrally heated, and although underground (below the churchyard), it gets plenty of light and air from its top ventilation. The waitress above is Miss D. Kennard*

***The counter,** well stocked and modern nard and Mrs. Courlander serve Drew, and A.C. E. Cammiade, who miles from his native Tahiti.*

Hon. Clerk of the Works *at St. Martin's, Mr. Sydney Ambler, here talking to Driver Stevens, from Swansea, and A.B. Robson, from New Zealand, takes a great personal interest in the canteen's organisation*

Lunch-time *customers include many A.T.S. stationed in London. Miss Pamela Anderton is serving Volunteers Sheila Potter, of Saffron Walden, and Lucy Jones, from Ealing. No free meals are given, but the daily menu starts with lentil soup at twopence and includes substantial dishes for fivepence*

The new scullery *has just been converted by Mr. Ambler from one of the small side vaults of the crypt. Its enormous draining-board is a godsend in rush hours. Washing and wiping are Mrs. Sherry and Miss Giles*

in design, is where Miss Ken-
Leading A.C. Heywood, Gunner
to fight has travelled 20,000
joining up in Hong Kong

London's smallest lounge *is the stage—built as a platform for meetings—at the end of this crypt canteen. A piano, a couple of armchairs, posters and flowers, make it a cheerful spot for those with time to spare for recreation—which often includes a sing-song*

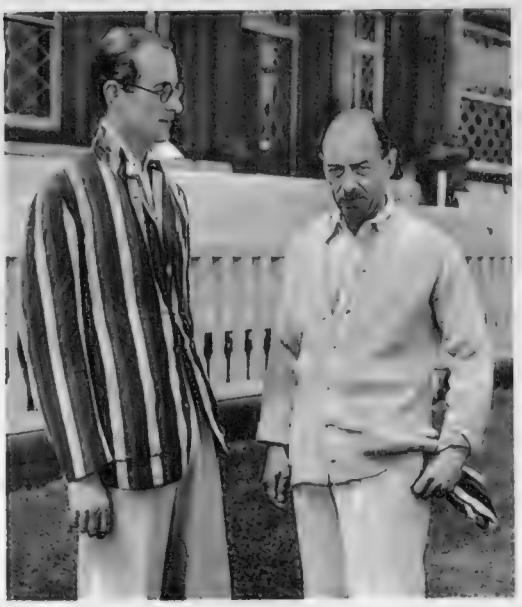
Sport in Wartime

Tennis: an Engagement

Rosemary Thomas, youngest player to have represented Great Britain in international lawn tennis, is to marry Tom Arthur Morris, of Swinton, Manchester. They were photographed at her mother's home at Pembury, in Kent. Her father was the late W. B. Thomas, M.B.E. She was playing for Great Britain in Germany a month before the war

Rowing: an R.C.A.F. Cox

Flying-Officer Hart Massey, Oxford's cox last year, is now in the Royal Canadian Air Force, acts as liaison officer at their London headquarters. He is the son of Canada's High Commissioner, Vincent Massey, is an artist himself and helped his parents with their collection of modern pictures



Cricket: Two Captains

Michael Standing, radio commentator, captained the B.B.C. in their match at Lord's against the London Balloon Barrage, who were led by Squadron-Leader J. C. W. MacBryan. Standing took three wickets for 19, but the Balloon Barrage XI. won by 36 runs

Racing: Derby Commentator

Wilfred Taylor, studying runners in the Bath paddock on the right, will, according to present arrangements, broadcast a commentary on the wartime Derby, which is being run on June 12th at Newbury. He has several times described the Derby over the air

Hunting: a London Meet of Masters of Foxhounds

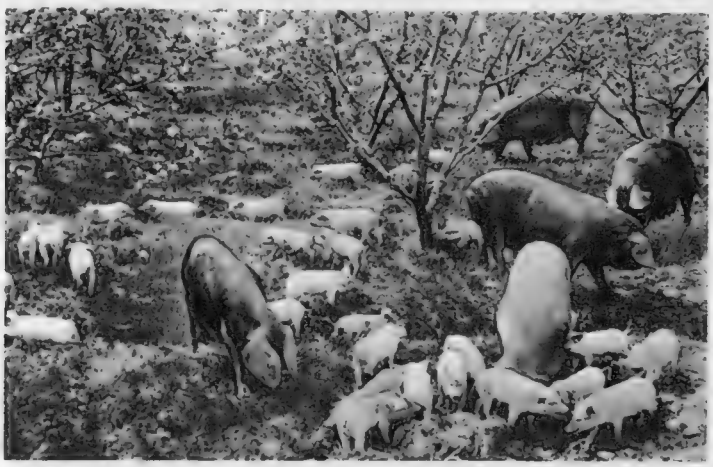
Mrs. Jack Walford and Mrs. Walton came to London from the Home Counties for last week's meeting of the Masters of Foxhounds Association. Mrs. Walford (Diana Ralli that was) took over the Vine when Captain W. Fox, M.F.H., went on active service. Mrs. Walton, before the war Joint-Master with Major Jack Walford of the Old Berks, is now carrying on single-handed

Lord Leconfield, Master of the Leconfield since 1901, Mr. George Evans, former Joint-Master of the H.H., and Mr. Walker went into conference over the wartime prospects of fox-hunting outside Tattersalls. It was there that the annual general meeting of that sport's governing body, the Masters of Foxhounds Association, was held

Sweet Memories of Devon

We got up early and walked across Exmoor and were fortunate enough to see a magnificent specimen of the wild red deer which roam the forests and moors of this romantic part of Devon.

We had often heard of Fingle Bridge as a famous beauty-spot, but none of us had ever been there. It was even lovelier than we had imagined, and we rested for a while on the bridge, feasting our eyes.



The Whiteway Cyder apple orchards at Whimple, which are the largest in the World, were in full blossom and were a magnificent sight. We all loved the little white pigs, which skipped about playfully under the trees.

Then we had a picnic lunch where the view was magnificent. With our lunch we enjoyed the famous Whiteway brand of Sweet Sparkling Devonshire Cyder, which costs only 11½d. per flagon. The children had Cydrax (non-alcoholic) costing 10d.

After lunch we saw hundreds of the shaggy little ponies which run wild over the solitudes of Dartmoor. The hills are very steep, but Whiteways' Devon Cyder is not "heady" and we felt quite safe driving.

The sun was sinking over the Cathedral when we got back to Exeter. The peace and quiet of the Cathedral Close provided a fitting end to a perfect day. Sweet memories of Devon.

Whiteways' Cyders, Medium Sweet at 11½d. per Screw Quart Flagon (in local Counties 11d.) or Dry at 1/-, also Cydrax, non-alcoholic, at 10d., are obtainable from all Wine Merchants and Licensed Grocers. Cydrax is also stocked by most Grocers and Unlicensed Restaurants. **Insist on WHITEWAYS'** which are genuine Devonshire Products, and **REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.**

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Disreputable Doctor

By V. S. Pritchett

THE further a novel of family history gets from its vivid sources of inspiration in the author's childhood, the more tenuous and even tedious become its communications. It is in danger of becoming like an army which has wandered from its base. Inevitably, after childhood's youth a family enters upon a monotonous trench warfare. So, though I am a Pasquier fan, I cannot pretend M. Duhamel's *Cécile Among the Pasquiers* (Dent; 9*s.* 6*d.*) has delighted me as much as the earlier instalments; M. Duhamel has tended to become the social historian rather than the family chronicler; and though it is interesting to know what ideas were in the heads of middle-class French people just before 1914, Madame Pasquier's defence of her lentil soup is, for some curious reason, more interesting and even seems more important. Still, the new book contains some unmistakable Pasquier stuff. The disreputable old Doctor, Raymond Pasquier, keeps up his lively and fraudulent poses. He has always got a new idea in his head and a new "little lady" round the corner; and there is superb comedy at the end when he decides to become a great writer and start a school for the development of personality—a device which, as usual, is especially suited to adding new recruits for his harem. The doctor is one of the shadier, minor immortals, and like all impossible fathers, makes his stricter children look like prigs. There is no justice; the Raymond Pasquiers, the Micawbers and the Falstaffs, make just men look small and squeamish. The only son who has the same attraction is the revolting Joseph. He is the successful business man, a marvellous portrait of the go-getter's slyness and bombast, play-acting and double dealing, self-pity and egotism. Joseph's vulgarity is irresistible. Give him a finer feeling to tread on and he does so with aplomb. The episode in which he uses a humanitarian outcry against explosive bullets in the Balkan War to do down his competitors in an armament contract is excellent. That is an admirable exhibit of the texture of European morality. Joseph grew up in a family of intellectuals and he understood perfectly how to twist them round his little finger.

Laurent, so often the narrator, who is, so to speak, M. Duhamel's own yes-man for the purposes of this book, is a sober snail. He has to carry M. Duhamel on his melancholy shoulders like a shell. One sees him in the midst of a scientific quarrel, torn between the violent jealousies of two famous scientists, one a rationalist, the other a mystic. Here one sees the spite of pedants, fighting with the wickedness of insects. There is a shattering scene in which the grim rationalist obliges Laurent to dissect the body of the girl with whom Laurent has been in love, a scene which clarifies M. Duhamel's dour, stoical, disabused yet human philosophy. Cécile, the pianist sister, shows the other Pasquier strain. Making a bad marriage, she turns to religion as Laurent turns away from it. Novels of family life especially demand an impartial justice, a willingness to see the other side of the question; for in family life opinion is most prejudiced, most instinctively distorted by the passionate relationships we form within it. M. Duhamel is a subtle and indulgent judge; and if some of the longer studies of Pasquier life are a shade methodical, there is a remarkable balance. He is well aware that human nature is always contradicting itself, always acting out of character.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Turnbull

Ronald Turnbull and his Brazilian wife, Maria Thereza do Rio Branco, were married a fortnight ago in London. He was Press Attaché in Copenhagen, and her father, Senhor Gastao Paranhos do Rio Branco, was Brazilian Minister there, and they became engaged the evening before the Nazi invasion of Denmark. Mr. Turnbull, who is now in charge of the B.B.C.'s Scandinavian news, is the son of Colonel and Mrs. Bruce Turnbull, of 13, Albert Terrace, Edinburgh

MR. EDWIN MUIR'S *The Story and the Fable* (Harrap; 11*s.*) is an autobiography of exceptional thoughtfulness and interest, a writer's clear-headed attempt to understand himself and, going back over his memory and experience from childhood onward, to read some kind of order in them. Mr. Muir's life has been especially suited to such treatment, for he grew up in two violently different worlds. Born an Orkney peasant, he was dragged up by the roots and replanted in industrial Glasgow, and the theme of being two persons, peasant and industrial man, at once runs through his tale. The descriptions of his boyhood in the Orkneys are not only delightful in themselves, but they lead on to a fascinating reconstruction of the process of growing up. There are some curious Orkney characters—the Sutherland relation, for example, who invented absurd words, one or two of which became generally popular. "Well, boy, how 's thee gramnivorous tramcollecken?" The Orkneys used to be used as a dumping-ground for rich young men not in their right minds, who were farmed out on the peasants. With profound and simple peasant insight they called them "feeders," since "they ate without doing any work." The peasant is the characteristic victim of our time, as the present war has especially shown; he was the first man to be bombed. Once comic or poeticised, he has now become tragic, and shrewdly he pierces our civilisation with criticism. Mr. Muir has never found it possible to accept modern values. The Orkney islander always rises to protest. Hitler is for him the machine *in excelsis*, unable by its very nature to create a good life. By this I do not mean Mr. Muir is a home weaver or a Cotswold revivalist. What he has to say is far more profound, and Munich for him tragically confirmed his pessimism. This book is an important and fascinating account of the growth of a distinguished mind whose background is the heroic twilight of the island folk-tales.

MISS STORM JAMESON'S novels have always had a hard, intellectual and spirited directness of statement, and *Europe to Let* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*) has a passion all the more intense for its restriction. An obscure Englishman travels about the Continent in the last twenty years and follows, through this period, the steps by which Europe came to the present war. "The lights are going out"—that famous phrase is illustrated, as one light after another, first among the plotting German students in occupied Cologne, then among the Jews and Nazis in Vienna, Prague, Geneva and London, is switched off and Europe goes to barbarism. This is a terse, outraged, dramatic story by one whose passion for human freedom and values is only equalled by a growing and tragic bitterness at their eclipse; and especially by her indignation at the part which English complacency played. What Miss Jameson is demanding of us is a return to morality and character. Her penetration of the violent, doltish German temperament—"Hitler screaming like a horse"—is brilliant. Well, we have been obliged to change. The derided warnings have come true; people dismissed as an "hysterical minority" have now been cruelly justified. Very rarely one reads a novel, especially a political novel, of which one can say it is *necessary* to read it; but I can imagine no more necessary book than *Europe to Let*. It is the novel of this hour with a vengeance; immensely readable and vivid in its characters, brief (as political novels too seldom are) and with the stamp of tenacity and anger on it.

We regret that our review of "The Mixture as Before," Somerset Maugham's latest book of short stories (Heinemann; 8*s.*), appeared in our issue of May 22nd, two weeks before the postponed publication date, which is to-morrow, June 6th.

Off-Duty Clothes

Trouser Suits and Pleated Skirts

Now that we are asked to wear our clothes longer, a pleated skirt that really keeps its shape is a sound investment. The new Gor-ray "Koneray" pleated skirts are pleated all round, but since the pleats taper off to a slim-fitting hip-line, there is no pull on them when the skirt is worn. They are made in black, navy, grey and pin-stripes for town, in tweeds or Irish linen for the country, and also in twelve different tartans. With their free swing, these skirts are particularly good for sports and walking. If they are not sold at your usual shop, write to C. Stillitz, 14-16a, Shore Road, Hackney, E.9, for information

It is an economy to have special clothes to relax in, and very refreshing as a change from your working outfit. This tailored shirt and slacks from Harrods, Knightsbridge, for example, are just right for the garden and the country and for summer evenings at home. They are made in shantung, either natural or in clear, bright colours, such as azalea-pink and sunshine-yellow. The shirt, with its two pockets and adjustable neck-line, costs two guineas, the well-cut slacks 59/6. In the same department they have gaily printed dirndl dresses for 49/6, to button over shorts or a swim-suit, doing double duty as frocks and beach-coats. They also have a very varied collection of those odd jackets that stretch a wardrobe well beyond its usual limits

"Bystander" Short Story

Skin-Deep

By John Collier : *Illustration by Reinganum*

HENRY MOGG RICHARDS was a poet whose determination to achieve success was only surpassed by the determination with which success eluded Henry Mogg Richards. Therefore he had to hang about shabby on the sidewalk, and watch brokers, tycoons, play-boys and such cattle escorting the most delicious blondes into restaurants and night-clubs, the blinds of which were always discreetly drawn.

Henry believed that absolute merry hell went on behind these discreetly drawn blinds, and since as a poet he needed to steep his soul in every sort of human experience, he bitterly resented his exclusion from these vivacious orgies. His resentment expressed itself in a series of bitter satires, and he regarded himself as the Savanorola of the age.

Unfortunately, his technique was extremely modern, so that the age neither knew nor cared what the devil he was writing about. Meanwhile, the exposures in the Sunday Supplements were selling like hot cakes, and Henry, whose subject matter was much the same, felt all the more embittered. At last he fell into despair, then into a lethargy, and then into bed.

He remained between his discoloured sheets for some days, in a condition approaching coma, eating and drinking even less than usual, shaving not at all, reading nothing but the comic strips in the newspapers, and gloomily surveying the ceiling.

On the tenth day he was purged of his melancholy, and felt as if new and livelier blood was coursing through his veins. He put his feet, which seemed to have grown extremely pale and waxen, out of bed, and began to pace the floor, crying out aloud, "I have come through! My work has entered a new period! Lucidity! Clarity! Classic simplicity! Success!"

He at once sat down to compose his first poem in the new manner, shorn of all the Finneganism and surrealism that had obscured his earlier attacks upon the world. "The necessary fertile ferment is over," said he. "The divine liquor is distilled crystal-clear. Mogg Richards addresses his fellow-man in words so plain and forceful that even he can understand them."

Before long the poem was roughed out. He worked on through the night, and such was the inspired travail of his spirit that by morning he had it cut, trimmed, polished and brought to absolute perfection.

SOCIETY
IS ROTTEN TO
THE CORE.

"Regard," said he, "the purity of the vowel sounds; not an 'a' or a 'u' among them! Observe the smash and surge of the first line! Note the menacing and tumbril-like rumble of the syllables that follow! One extra word—'piano,' for example, or 'tomato'—and it would be ruined. A word less, and it would lack something. I wish I could say as much for 'Hamlet.'"

With that he began to shave with a shaky hand, in order to look worthy of his masterpiece. However popular it may be in print," said he, "this needs putting across in a bigger way. It must sound like a trumpet over the ether. To fill up the time I shall give a brief account of my life, of the pregnant ferment of my earlier work, which will now sell like the dickens, and of what goes on between the tycoons and the dizzy blondes. I only wish I had had some closer contact with the latter: perhaps now I am rich and famous I shall be almost suffocated by crazy sub-debs and precocious college girls. One of them, possibly, may be even richer and more dazzling than the rest. . . ." Here our friend's reflections entered a private phase, more in need of discreet curtaining than even the most notorious of night-clubs.

However, business comes before pleasure, and as soon as he was shaved he set off on a round of editors, publishers and radio corporations. He was at first stupefied, then enraged, to find his inspiration rejected on all sides. By the end of the day poor Henry was wearily hoofing it back to the tenement which he'd thought he had left for ever.

What burned him with peculiar and vitriolic intensity was the fact that, at the last broadcasting station he had visited, he had seen Charlie McCarthy borne in by reverent underlings, amid the cheers of a sidewalk full of fans. "Compare his grovelling gags," said he, "with this incomparable poem. The mob prefers the dross, especially if it is croaked out by a dummy. I wish I had been an educated pig: even the greatness of my poem would have been no bar to its success, had I spelled it out, grunting, in foot-high letters on the arc-lit tan. Nor, judging by most of the tycoons I have seen, would the chaps and snout of a pig have been any drawback with the blondes."

It so happened that he reached this stage in his reflections just as he was limping through a thieves' market, on his way to the squalid quarter where he lived. He lifted up his eyes and saw, displayed amid a litter of inferior junk, a superb gorilla skin. The mask of this gorilla, which had apparently died in a rather cynical mood, seemed to be eyeing him in quizzical challenge.

Henry, rising to the situation, drew nearer, and, pretending an interest in an old-fashioned bathroom fixture, covertly examined the gorilla skin for signs of wear or moth. He was delighted to see that it was in excellent condition, and having broken down his insincere negotiations for the porcelain pedestal, he pretended to notice the skin for the first time, sneered a little, affected a humorous interest, cheapened it, walked away in disgust, was called back, and finally acquired it at the price the seller had already privately fixed upon.

He hurried home to his shabby roost, and was busy for the next day or two with zippers and needle and thread, till at last he had it in perfect order. He then bundled it up again, and went off to the principal park, for he had no intention of making his début in the poverty-stricken district where he lived.

He soon found an opportunity to nip unobserved into the shelter of a group of shrubs, where he divested himself of his clothing and assumed the cunningly zippered skin. He gave himself a scratch or two by way of rehearsal and stepped out among the fashionable throng.

For the first minute or two his appearance created no sort of sensation whatever, and he was beginning to feel a devastating sense of failure, when the careless glances became a little more frequent, puzzled and lingering, and a fashionable woman's hysterical scream throbbed upon the afternoon air: "Jeeze! That's no politician! It's a gorilla!"

Henry smiled and bowed, but the conciliatory gesture was lost on the panic-stricken mob, which dispersed with extraordinary rapidity, some of them, Henry noted, even climbing trees, which, of course, was crazy. "They behave as if I were a lion," said he, "instead of a gorilla. However, perhaps I shall be both."

Eager for recognition, he shambled along in pursuit of the hindermost, intending to introduce himself with a brief account of his pacific and literary tastes, but he was appalled to find himself intercepted by a crowd of cops and park-keepers, armed with revolvers and shot-guns. These converged upon him in the most businesslike manner.

Henry, scared out of his skin, fumbled desperately for the zipper, but this they took for a drumming on the chest, and quickly levelled their weapons. He tried to shout, but his voice failed him, and he gave himself up for lost. So he would have been had not a rakish roadster drawn up at this very moment, whose blonde occupant viewed Henry with the detachment of high breeding and high horse-power, and seeing that he had little mischief and much publicity in him, sprang out and flung her arms about his neck, much like Cigarette in "Under Two Flags," except that the cops and park-keepers withheld the threatened volley.

"Bank president's co-ed daughter saves giant ape," said she, as the cops and park-keepers warily approached, with a few newspaper-men hovering in the rear.

"Thank you," said Henry.

"Say, can you beat that?" she cried. "He's got a Southern accent!"

"Bank president's co-ed daughter saves giant ape"

(Concluded on page iv)

Captain Cook

Took

The juice of the lime.

At this time

The intrepid explorer

Would have taken KIA-ORA.

Motoring Commentary

By "Spare Wheel"

CURIOUS stories have been going about—and have been repeated publicly in quarters that ought to know better—of car owners being stopped by the police because they were so far from home that they could not have reached there without abuse of their petrol rations. The police, it was said, kept an eye on registration numbers. If they saw in Devon, for instance, a car with a London number, or a Scottish car in London, they pulled the driver up and demanded to know what business he had in being so far from home.

It was even alleged—in print—that the police had in some cases compelled the driver and his passengers to leave the car where it was and return home by train, the driver only being allowed to come back in the following month to drive his car home on his new basic ration.

All this is the purest poppycock. It has been thoroughly investigated by the R.A.C. through their provincial branches and there has been no such police action anywhere. Car owners have not been stopped; they have not been interrogated to find out how far they have come; they have not been compelled to leave their cars and go home by train. So I am assured.

Registration numbers are no evidence of where the cars have last come from. Many London-owned cars have had Coventry or Oxford or Birmingham numbers since birth. When cars change hands they do not change numbers, so that a car with a London number found at Windermere may belong to a man living in Aberdeen.

BUT what makes the whole story childish is this. The police have no control over what the owner does with his basic rations. They have no right to challenge the owner on the question, much less power to order him to leave his car and continue his journey by train. If any police-officer did so act and the owner meekly obeyed, the latter would have a sound case against the police for damages, which might be considerable—including recovery of the double railway fare.

There is no doubt about the matter. Motorists are asked and expected to use their basic ration for legitimate personal needs, and purely pleasure motoring is deprecated. But an annual holiday is legitimate even in wartime, and for that purpose it is legitimate as well as legal to save up one's ration. Over the use of supplementary rations there is some measure of control. Those rations may only be used for the business or professional purposes for which they were granted. It is not legitimate to use them for holiday journeys and to do so is to lay oneself open to prosecution—and the refusal of any more supplementaries for the future. But the basic ration carries no such restriction. The police have no control over how we use it, no power to stop us using it, and they are conducting no campaign, either by spotting strange numbers or otherwise to catch "offenders."

The Humber "Sixteen"

JUST before the war got deadly serious I had an opportunity of trying the new Humber "Sixteen," which meant a day of almost perfect peace and forgetfulness in the Cotswolds. This is a most interesting car. It offers the best combination yet known of American roominess, bigness and performance with English quality, comfort, low rating for taxation, and modest petrol consumption. It should do very well abroad, and in the conditions that one foresees at home after the war, taxed up to the eyes, it should just fit the bill for the man who must have a fairly large and presentable car, but without the terrible tax burden and high petrol bills of the big American.

The Humber "Sixteen" carries the same body as the "Super-Snipe," which means a full and generous five-seater with as large a luggage-boot as you will find on any English car. But the 17-h.p. engine is not overweighted. The car will really do 80, cruises lightheartedly at 65, and with judicious but not frequent use of the gears will keep step with your American. It is a thoroughly pleasing car to drive, with beautifully light but not low-geared steering, first-class brakes (now hydraulic), and the good riding and road-holding of the well-known "Evenkeel" independent suspension.

The interior finish is properly English in style and finish—not steel or plastics and cloth, but walnut and leather, and the equipment is complete, from the ash-trays in the backs of the front seats to the telescopic steering-wheel. The price now is £415. I should not think it will remain at that long.

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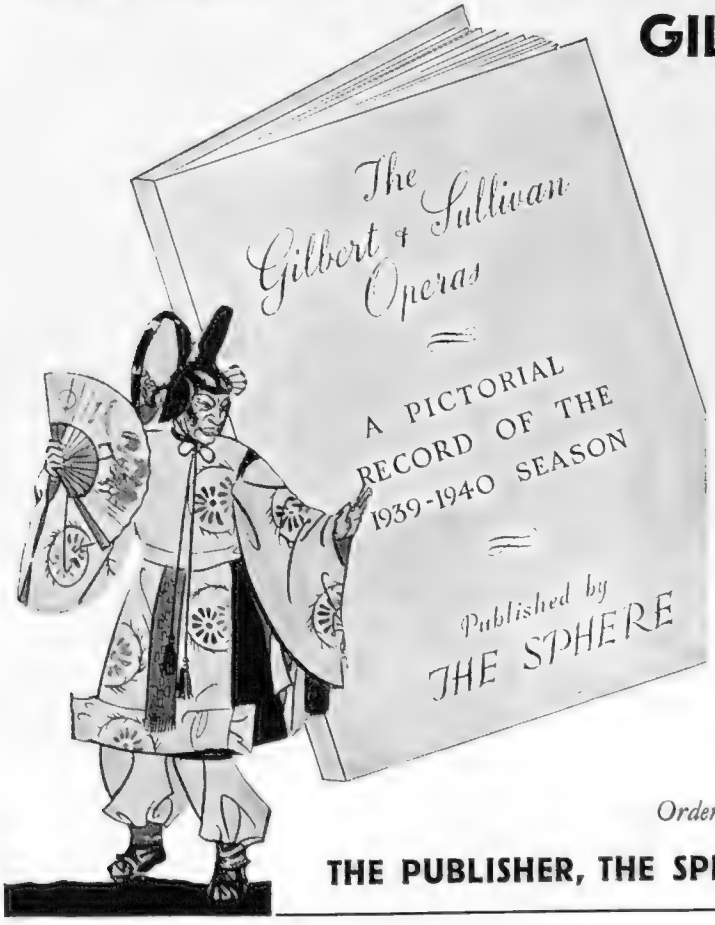

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Skin-Deep

(Continued from page 308)

"I come from the South," said Henry modestly.

"Da munk 's got class," observed a cop to a reporter. "He comes from da South." The reporter scribbled away like mad.

"I am also a poet," said Henry. "The rottenness of society quizzed through the age-old calm regard of the jungle."

"And he 's going to be my pet!" cried the ravishing co-ed. "Yes, we 're allowed pets at Higginsville. That 's where Homer Glaup kept angle-worms and ate them all up. Boy! Is Homer going to get heart-burn from them angle-worms when he sees the pet I 've saved from a hail of civic lead?"

"Talking of hearts, Miss Croach," said a reporter, "may I ask if your intrepid interposition on behalf of this giant anthropoid was dictated in any way by the activities of the Little Blind God?"

"It is yet too early to talk of romance," replied the charmer. "Neither—(what 's your name? Henry. O.K., Henry)—neither Henry nor I have had much to say to one another about heart matters as yet. All the same, he seems to me somehow — different. That 's all I can say."

"I have not yet considered broadcasting," said Henry. "Much depends on the nature of any offer that may be made to me."

"Say, I 'm just crazy to act as your agent, Mr. Henry," said an eager-looking bystander. "I reckon to represent a very glamorous cross-section of Illinois's literary and dramatic star-names, twinkling in Hollywood, radio and national magazine."

"Where I come from," said Henry with dignity, "we get to the top of the tree without any assistance of that sort."

By this time they had edged towards the car, and now seated themselves for the ride to Higginsville University. "One-legged man ties only shoe to ape-deb's romance roadster," observed an individual of that description, suiting the action to the word. "Hops home barefoot."

With that they moved off, and soon were at Higginsville University, where Henry was greeted with rapture by a sea of co-eds, each more beautiful and precocious than the next, but none of them comparable to Ella Croach, who was, moreover, a bank president's daughter. He was photographed beside the dean, and approached by the football team with an urgent request that he should become their mascot, but this he courteously refused, not wishing to make himself too cheap.

Before nightfall he was gratified to find that all the furniture stores of the district, to say nothing of plumbers, caterers, air-conditioners and even cigar merchants, were in eager competition to supply their best lines gratis, in order to enhance the comfort of the already luxurious pets' corner of this prosperous university. He had little opportunity, however, to luxuriate in retirement, for already the reporters were thick about him, radio offers were being 'phoned through every five minutes, and Ella was tugging at him to visit a whole string of cocktail-bars, restaurants, country clubs and night-clubs in order that she might display her new acquisition before an envious world.

Henry went with the best will in the world, and delighted in the sensation he created on every side. "To think," said he to himself, "that yesterday I was a poet, neglected, spurned, rubbering on the sidewalk! To-night I am an ape—and the idol of the café society of Higginsville, and, what is more, of a bank president's daughter, with whom I must confess I am already madly in love. How different she is from the rest! It is true she is a little fond of publicity, but I detect in that the results of a repressed desire to be the wife of a famous poet. How delighted she will be when she hears my work applauded on every side! It is then that love will burst into joyous flower. Meanwhile, nothing premature! I must remember that I am in appearance a mere ape, cute enough no doubt in the eyes of the giddy throng, but not exactly the Prince Charming of a young girl's dream. In fact, any sort of pass at this stage would be absolutely fatal. I had better lay off this champagne and stick to seltzer water instead."

Henry kept to his prudent resolution and played a waiting game during the days that followed. At last his broadcasting fixture took place, his poem was relayed from coast to coast: it was printed in all the magazines, and the faculty created him Doc. Litt. Higginsville University. New contracts poured in from every side.

His charmer was no less impressed than everyone else, and hushed all the guests whenever he opened his long and rubbery lips to speak. She sat holding his hand and gazing into his eyes, and called him her poet-king of the jungle.

"Suppose," said he, when they were alone, "suppose the poet-king gave birth to a sort of fairy prince? What would you say, honey, to a fairy prince, with my genius, but with smooth cheeks like yours, instead of these black and hairy ones?"

"Oh, boy!" cried she. "Would that be wonderful? But we 'd have to get married for that, Henry, because of Poppa. He 's kind of conservative."

Henry saw he had been slightly misunderstood. No matter! His heart was bursting with exaltation. "Honey," said he, "do you really mean you could love a simple, world-hating ape-poet?"

"And how!" cried she. "Crazy Four Hundred girl weds jungle genius! I 'd better get photographed learning to fry bananas. Gee! Suppose we went on at the World's Fair! Me dressed as Eve, you sort of tempting me back into the Garden of Eden. Society, all drunk and goofy, painted on the back-drop. Oh, Henry, you are lovely! If only Poppa 'll say yes!"

"It would be terrible," said Henry, "if he should object."

"We can always elope," said she. "Maybe it 'd be better that way."

"No," said Henry. "I want to show the world that the primæval makes a good son-in-law. What bank is he president of? We 'll go and see him at once."

"I 'll drive you round," said she, and soon they were in the palatial offices of Hiram N. Croach.

Henry prevailed on his beloved to wait outside, sent in the name he had adopted, and was greeted with great benevolence. "Well, Mr. Munk," said the financier, "I 've heard a great deal of you and that wonderful little poem of yours. I must say its forceful message seems badly needed in these days when Bolshevism is only another word for our Federal Government."

"I am very much honoured," said Henry. "There is nothing like agreement between relations-in-law. Mr. Croach, I want to marry your daughter. We love one another, sir, and we 're just dying to hear your answer."

"My little girl is very precious to me," responded the magnate, "and I 'm sure, Mr. Munk, the untimely death of a genius of your description would be little short of a national calamity. Fortunately I am able to give you my answer without any undue delay. No."

"You don't consent?" cried Henry.

"That 's what I was sort of groping to express in my unpoetical way," said Mr. Croach. "But I wouldn't have you think, Mr. Munk, that this little negative of mine reflects in any way on my very high opinion of your literary and poetical worth."

"Perhaps you think that poets are poor," said Henry. "It may interest you to know that I am on the point of signing up radio contracts to the extent of a hundred thousand dollars for the coming half-year, to say nothing of even bigger possibilities in the film world. Maybe you think poets are not respectable, sir. Let me tell you I am Doc. Litt. Higginsville University. What is more, Mr. Croach, I come to your daughter with a pure and unspotted past."

"That makes very lovely hearing," replied the financier. "In fact, my regret is all the greater, because in my humble way I venture to consider these the ideal qualities in any son-in-law."

"Then what is your objection?" said Henry.

"Call me old-fashioned," said the father. "Call me hide-bound, conservative—anything you like. But we 're a very old Higginsville family, Mr. Munk, and I 've got the prejudice, or kink, that whoever marries my little Ella has got to be—well, human."

"If that is all," said Henry, "it is an obstacle very easily disposed of." With that he jerked at his zipper and revealed himself in his true shape. "Now," said he, "I hope I may shake hands with you as my future father-in-law."

"Call me Pop!" cried the delighted bank president, warmly offering his hand. "Let me telephone for a pair of pants and so forth, and then I 'll ask you to go right out and bring Ella in for my blessing."

The pants were supplied, and Henry flew to rejoin his beloved.

"Here I am, honey!" he cried. "It 's O.K.! Pop says yes."

His charmer looked at him in amazement. "Don't you recognise my voice?" asked Henry. "Doesn't the genius in my eyes match with the genius in my poem? I 'm your Henry, honey. At least, I 'm the fairy prince. I was inside all the time."

"What?" said she. "You aren't a gorilla after all?"

"Not a bit of it," said he. "That was an old skin I picked up on a junk-stall. I 'm a poet, honey. Don't you know the difference between a gorilla and a great poet?"

"Yes," said she. "And so do the news-editors. What a pay-off! Gosh, I 'll be ribbed worse than Homer Glaup would have been if they 'd found out his angle-worms were made of candy!"

"Don't think about the world," said he. "Think of my genius, my fame, my contracts."

"Two bits for the lot," said she, "as soon as this news gets out. You poor sap! You 're through! And I 'm glad of it."

"There 's always Pop," said he. "And our love, honey. What about our love?"

"Love!" said she, with a bitter laugh. "Sure, I 'm the girl to love a pale, pen-pushing moocher! Where 's that he-look I fell for? Tell me that."

"It 's there in the office," said Henry. "I 'll wear it for pyjamas." With that he tried to kiss and embrace her, but received a push in the face that sent him staggering back.

"What?" said she. "After you 've made a monkey of me?"

"No," said he. "You 've got it wrong. It was me."

"Get out, you big ape!" she cried. "Love-starved college mouse falls for junk-stall king! Get out, I say! Throw him out! Throw him out!"

At these words several uniformed minions hurried up, and, seizing Henry, soon flung him out on the sidewalk, to the great amusement of several brokers, tycoons and playboys, who were escorting the most delicious blondes into the numerous cocktail-bars of the neighbourhood. "There is no doubt about it," said Henry. "Society is rotten to the core."

THE END.

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Paget — Sawyer

Second-Lieut. Sydney Paget, the Royal Sussex Regiment, son of Major and Mrs. Rowland Paget, of Lavant, Chichester, Sussex, and Justine Sawyer, daughter of the late Major Harcourt Sawyer, of Lyminster Court, Sussex, and Mrs. Sawyer, of Chelsea, were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

Marson — Hartley

Captain Lawrence Charles Marson, Royal Artillery, and Alice Pamela Hartley were married at Silchester Church. He is the elder son of the late Lieut.-Col. C. Marson, and Mrs. Marson, of Springmount, St. Leonards-on-Sea, and she is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Hartley, of Silchester House, near Reading

Corbett — Sewell

Patrick Geoffrey Corbett, Northamptonshire Yeomanry, and Margaret Louise ("Bunty") Sewell, only daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. H. S. Sewell, of Tysoe Manor, Tysoe, Warwickshire, and Arcadia, Jamaica, were married at All Saints', West Haddon. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. J. Corbett, of Rossferry, Enniskillen, Northern Ireland

Cowen — May

The wedding took place at All Souls', Langham Place, of Lieut. Painton S. Cowen, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Painton Cowen, of Mawchi, Burma, and Doris (Pamela) May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. May, of 55, Lee Terrace, Blackheath. Pamela May, the Vic-Wells ballet dancer, was recently with the company in Holland

Wheeler — Finegan

Squadron Leader Desmond Wheeler, R.A.F., eldest son of the late Lieut.-Col. George Campbell Wheeler, V.C., and Mrs. Wheeler, was married at Holy Trinity, Castelnau, Barnes, to Mavis Moira Finegan, only daughter of Mrs. Geoffrey Pores, of 46, Castelnau Mansions, Barnes, S.W.

Rankin — Rice

Kenneth Naismith Rankin, third son of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Rankin, of Kenmore, Wimbledon, and Nancy Margaret Rice, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Rice, of Rickling Cottage, Gerrard's Cross, Bucks., were married at Stoke Poges Church

Neilson — Jones

Gerald de Barri Neilson, H.A.C., son of the late Charles P. Neilson, and Mrs. Neilson, of the Old House, Sandwich, Kent, married Gwendoline Jones, daughter of Mrs. K. Jones, of 4, Mount Row, W.1, at Christ Church, Southgate, N. Owing to the bridegroom's duties, the wedding, which was to have been a week earlier, had to be postponed

Campbell Walker — Duncan

Robert Ramsay Campbell Walker, younger son of the late James Campbell Walker, and Lady Lacey, of Sutton Veny House, Warminster, Wilts., and Elizabeth Dauvergne Duncan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Duncan, of Wardes, Otham, Kent, were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Campbell — Horniman

Nigel Keith Graham Campbell, K.R.R.C., and Maryjoy Horniman were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He is the son of Col. and Mrs. K. G. Campbell, of Standen House, near Newport, Isle of Wight. She is the younger daughter of J. E. Horniman and Mrs. R. H. Spencer

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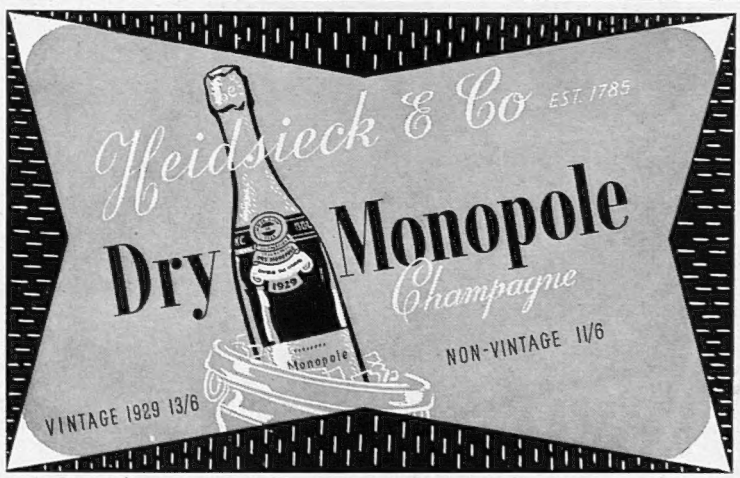

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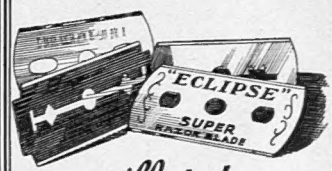

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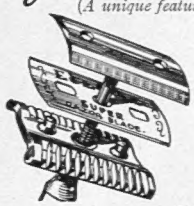

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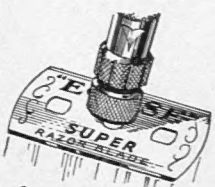

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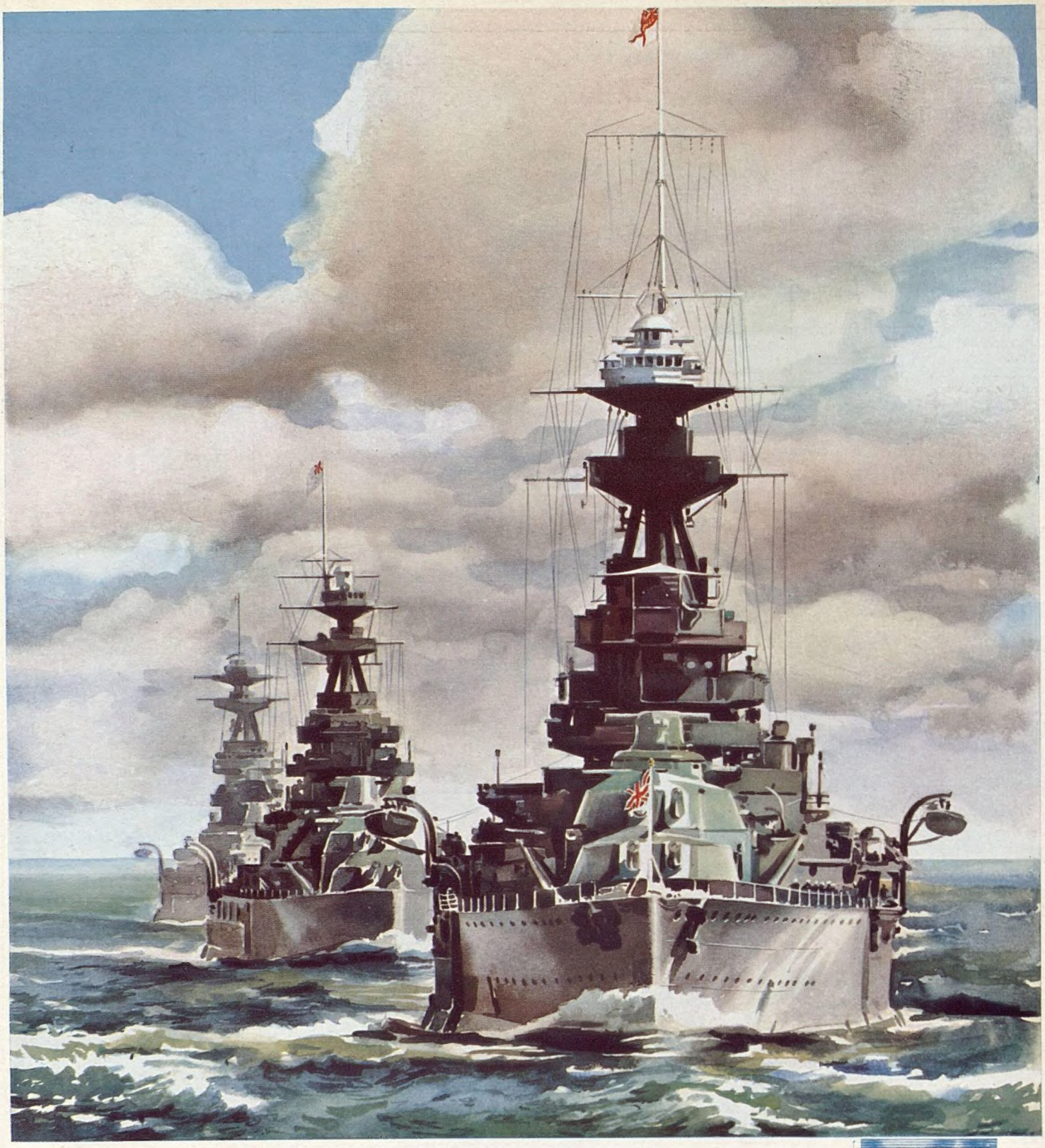

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